Abominations

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Abominations

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

A man offers his boyfriend's soul in exchange for Fame and Fortune. Too bad the devil fell in love with the boy.

Notes

This is a mpreg prompt from one of my Wattpad readers

"I will give you my boyfriend's soul," Matthew smiled. The devil rubbed his horns for a moment, "Deal."

"You'll find him and the park with his pathetic dog," Matthew scoffed, off to buy his winning lotto ticket. Hannibal snapped himself to the park, though not on the visible plain. He walked around tail flicking looking for the said man when he found him he was completely armored. The man had beautiful seafoam blue eyes, brown curls that bounced in the breeze, pale skin, and... Was he? The man rubbed his swollen stomach and tried the move but the chain on his ankle stopped him. Hannibal was livid that someone could do this to such a gorgeous creature.

Hannibal entered the visible plain and approached the man carefully. The dog barked at him fiercely and the man hushed him with a rub between his ears. The man caught sight of Hannibal's horns and tail and panicked, "Please, please don't hurt me!"

"No need to shout. I'm here to free you," Hannibal spoke softly hoping he didn't frighten the poor man too bad. He bent down and melted the cuff lock slowly releasing the boy's ankle from the horrible device. The man rubbed the sore ankle to the best of his ability. Hannibal sat next to him, "Hannibal Lecter, though you probably know me as the devil."

"W-Will Graham," The brunet whispered shakily. Hannibal frowned when the wind blew and Will shook like a leaf. Hannibal wrapped his jacket around the smaller man, "Let's get you somewhere warm with a hearty meal."

"May Winston come to?" Will smiled minutely. Hannibal nodded, "Of course, he seems well behaved enough."

"Thank you," Will smiled fully. Hannibal leads him to his earthly home and showed him to a large room with a fireplace and an oversized, plush chair on both sides of it. Hannibal leads him to one and wrapped him in a thick comforter and lit a fire. Hannibal picked up the dog and set him on Will's lap then vanished to the kitchen.

He set the food at the table then went to retrieve the man. He smiled at the man curled up in the blanket sleeping like a baby. He leaned over the sleeping brunet, "William, dinner is ready."

Will woke up with a start and a whimper. Hannibal backed off a little, "My apologies, I did not mean to startle you."

"It's okay, just not used to being woke up without being hit," Will said. Hannibal frowned, "Well that won't be happening anymore, I promise. Now, dinner is ready shall we go to eat?"

"Yes, please," Will smiled slowly lifting himself out of his chair. Hannibal hooked his arm under Will's and helped him up. Will smiled a little embarrassed, "I could have got it... Eventually."

"Of course you could have," Hannibal patted his shoulder. Will grabbed on to Hannibal's bicep and leaned against him, "Lead the way."

"As you wish," Hannibal bowed his head and walked them to the dining room. He seated Will and smiled, "Chicken in broth with vegetables and a side of toast. Bon Appétit."

"Thank you very much," Will bowed his head appreciatively. He took a large mouth full, "Mm, oh my God, this is amazing!"

"Thank you, Would you like a flavored water or cider?" Hannibal smiled. Will looked at his swollen stomach again, "Plain water, please."

"Absolutely, " Hannibal nodded. He returned with ice water and a glass of wine.

After dinner, Hannibal showed him to the spare bedroom, which was just as gorgeous as the rest of Hannibal's grand home. Will climbed onto the bed with a sigh, "Mm, I am wiped out."

"I will leave you two to rest if you would like," Hannibal said. Will looked sad for a moment, "No! Please stay I want to know more about the man known as the devil, but acts like an angel."

"Very well," Hannibal nodded making his way into the room. Will scooted over. Hannibal sat next to him propping himself up on the headboard, "What would you like to know?"

"Why did you take me?" Will whispered. Hannibal looked at the pregnant male as his eyebrows seemed to disappear into his hair, "Will, your former spouse sold your soul to me in exchange for money. Usually, I would have taken it on the spot no questions asked but, how he left you is unbelievably rude and for that, he will pay."

Will whimpered at the anger in his savior's voice. Hannibal carefully threaded his fingers through the dark curls, "My apologies, I don't know what came over me."

"Apology accepted," Will yawned and laid down completely. The devil's lips up turned into a small smile, "Rest dearest, William. There will be plenty of time to talk tomorrow."

"Stay," Will said as he wrapped an arm around Hannibal's waist and fell asleep. Hannibal was more than willing to oblige his newfound love.

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